

Drunken Madness by Losermultifandomidiot

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Summary:

Steve gets really drunk and you have to take care of him.

Drunken Madness

You sighed, relaxing back into the corner of the room, avoiding the mass of teenagers partying in it. Steve had begged you to come to the party and not even 10 minutes since arriving he had already ditched you. You begrudgingly took another sip of your fruit punch while you scanned the room for a certain brown haired boy. You knew he was probably gonna be hammered by the time you actually see him again but you were hoping he'd be sober enough to at least drive you back. Groaning you pushed up off of the wall, squeezing your way past the mass bodie in the living room and into the kitchen. You tossed your cup in the trash and went to the fridge, grabbing one of the many water bottles that were in it.

'No where would that idiot be?' you thought to yourself, before deciding to check upstairs first. Stepping over and by the mess of couples making out in the hallway was sort of a challenge but you managed to get up the stairs. There were four doors, three of them were rooms and one was the bathroom.

"Steve, you in here?" you asked, knocking on the first door, awaiting an answer. You pressed your ear to the door however all you heard were soft grunts and moans. You frowned backing away from the door and advancing onward down the hall.

"Steve, are you up here?" you called out waiting for an answer from beyond any of the doors. As you got closer to the bathroom you heard a familiar giggle.

"Steve, you in there?" you knocked, only hearing more giggles from beyond the door.

"Alright, I'm coming in?" you opened the door slowly, slightly shielding your just in case he was in an awkward position. Stepping into the bathroom you noticed Steve was lying in the bathtub.

"Steve what are you doing?" you closed the door behind you, Steve giggled and twirling his red cup.

"Playing!" he flew his cup in the air, making rocket noises. You could

only stare at him wide eyed as he continued swinging his cup through the air.

“Steve, it’s time to get up; I think it’s safe to say you’re done for tonight.”

“Why are you whispering?” you stared at him, confused beyond belief as you while he grinned up innocently at you.

“Steve how much have you had to drink?”

“Hmmm... good question. Can’t remember.” he giggled laying back into the tub and playing with the edge of his empty cup. You face palmed, sitting down besides the tub .

“Here, you are gonna need to drink most of this.” you handed him the water bottle, in which he took giggling. He looked at it, eyes wide seemingly with wonder and then rubbed it across his face.

“Ooo it’s a so cold.” he laughed loudly.

“Please just drink it.”

“Okay~” he sang, unscrewing the cap and taking a big gulp of water.

“Yummy yummy in my tummy!” he sighed, taking another big sip of water.

“(Y/N), do you wanna sip?”

“No Steve, that’s all yours.”

“Okie!” he giggled, drinking more water, you leaned over the tub patting down on his pockets until you felt the feeling of a sharp piece.

“Ooo, (Y/N) feeling me up?” Steve rubbed his hand against your side, but you quickly pulled away. He opened his mouth to complain but you interrupted him.

“I needed to get your keys because you obviously can’t drive us back to your place.” you put the keys in your pocket.

“But I like it when you touch me!” Steve grinned.

“Oh I know you do. Now it’s time to get up.”

“Why?”

“Because it is time to go. I gotta get you into bed before you pass out, buddy.” you stood up, gently helping Steve up.

“(Y/N), you’re gonna stay the night with me? I’m so happy!” he slurred, leaning more on you. You couldn’t help but grin and shake your head at how pure Steve was when he was drunk.

“Alright you’re gonna have to walk as best as you can till we get to your car, ok Steve?” he hummed nodding. The two of you made your way out the door and through the hallway; you carefully led the two of you downstairs and past the drunken couples and out the door. Steve had been making random noises as both of you continued until you reached Steve’s car. You set him up against the car as you unlocked it and then guided him into the passenger’s seat.

“You’re so pretty (Y/N)!” he shouted in your ear as you were buckling him up.

“Thank you for the compliment.” you chuckled quietly, making sure all limbs were in the car before you closed the door and went to the driver’s seat.

“I could compliment you all the time!” he leaned over to you; big brown eyes staring at you with so much adoration.

“That’s very nice of you, buddy. Now sit back because I am gonna start driving.” you placed your hand on his chest, gently shoving him back, to which he complied.

The car ride was going extremely well for the first part; Steve was looking out of the window and whispering to himself about things while also making little funny noises and giggling at himself. However during the second half of the car ride Steve started getting antsy.

“(Y/N), are we almost at my house yet?” he whined, tapping loudly

against the door window.

“We will be there soon Steve.” your eyes were trained on the road.

“This is so uncomfortable.” he groaned and started shifting around.

“What is— Steve why are you taking off your pants?” you glanced back and forth between the road and Steve, watching as he pulled his buckle completely out of the loops and tossing it to the ground.

“My legs are hungry for air, they need to be free to eat.” he grumbled.

“What?” You turned back to see Steve in his grey boxers and quickly looked back at the road and you could feel the heat rising up to your face. You heard him shift again and turned to see him trying to get his jacket.

“Hey Steve stop! Just wait till we get to your house!” Steve stopped completely.

“Ok.” he spoke softly, sitting back into his seat. You sighed, returning your focus back to getting to Steve’s as fast but as safely as possible.

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Pulling into the driveway. You got out quickly and unlocked the front door before helping Steve out and grabbing his pants and belt. You led him upstairs and to his room, and Steve stumbled into his bed, face first.

“(Y/N), I can’t get out of my jacket.” he whined, turning onto his back. You took each arm out of the arm holes and got him out of his jacket. You set his jacket on his desk chair and turned around to see Steve with his shirt halfway off. He looked up at you through the neck hole of his shirt and giggled before shaking his upper body around.

“You’re so fucking silly when you’re drunk.” you tugged the rest of his shirt off of him and threw it in his hamper. Steve was already lying in bed, snuggled under the covers and talking to himself.

“(Y/N)?”

“Yes, Steve?”

“Can you come cuddle? I still cold.” his big puppy eyes staring at you.

“Sure thing buddy.” you got yourself prepared for bed before getting in with him. Steve wrapped his arms around your waist, nuzzling his face against your neck and moaning softly. You hummed happily, kissing the crown of Steve’s head; softly rubbing circles on his back.

“-night (Y/N).” Steve’s voice was filled with sleep as you felt his body relax completely on top of you.

“Goodnight Steve, get some good rest.” you whispered as you let yourself drift off, enjoying the warmth Steve brought.